

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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PRICE 1/3



Everybody wants Brer Rabbit

Beauty and the Beast



1. Homeward bound after learning that he is still a poor man, Beauty's father came to a mysterious castle. Although a huge fire was burning in the fireplace of the Great Hall, nobody answered the merchant's call. Uneasily he looked about him.



2. At last he went back to the courtyard and led his horse to a stable. In the manger there was fresh hay. After seeing to his horse, the tired man returned to the Great Hall and sat down in front of the crackling fire. Then strange music lulled him to sleep.



3. When he opened his eyes he found that his cloak had been taken off him and hung with his hat on the back of his chair. Somebody had put more logs on the fire and, strangest of all, a table had been placed beside him and on the table was food and wine



4. "So the castle is not deserted after all," said the merchant, and again and again he called out "Hello there! Is anyone at home?" But silence answered his calls. Then, glancing at the meal beside him, he suddenly felt hungry and started to eat.



5. After he had finished eating, the merchant felt tired again and settling himself in the big chair he closed his eyes and slept heavily. When next he awakened, the early morning sun was shining. He went out to the stable and saddled his horse. He looked out into the courtyard but still no one was about.



6. The merchant shivered. There was much he did not like about this strange castle. He led his horse out of the stable and down a long avenue of beautiful trees. Although it was winter-time the sun was hot and lovely flowers were blossoming everywhere. "Stranger and stranger," thought the merchant.



7. It was as he passed a bush of heavy white roses that the merchant remembered that his favourite daughter, Beauty, had asked him to bring back a white rose for her. Smiling as he thought of her gentle charm and loving ways, the merchant picked one of the roses.



8. As he did so, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Turning, he saw a short flight of stone steps and there standing at the top of the steps was a fearsome figure. There stood the figure of a man but the head was of a lion! "Why do you steal my flowers?" he asked in grim tones.



Alice in Wonderland. This amazing story, which starts with Alice following the famous White Rabbit down his burrow, was written by Lewis Carroll, whose real name was Charles L. Dodgson.



Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe based this great book on the true-life adventures of a man named Alexander Selkirk, who spent over four years on an island in the South Pacific before being rescued in January 1709.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**

All Sorts of



Gulliver's Travels. This book was written by an English writer named Jonathan Swift. It tells of the astonishing adventures of Lemuel Gulliver who is shipwrecked and lands on the island of Lilliput. On the island lives a race of tiny people.



Robin Hood. Surely the greatest outlaw of all time, Robin Hood is renowned in songs and stories that have been handed down to us for hundreds of years. Equally well known is Maid Marion, who shared his adventures.



Treasure Island. This is the most famous pirate story ever written. The author was Robert Louis Stevenson, a Scotsman. Who has not heard of the boy Jim Hawkins and the rascally sea-cook, Long John Silver?



William Tell is the hero of a Swiss legend. He was captured by Austrian enemies and ordered to prove his skill with bow and arrow by shooting an apple off his son's head. William Tell succeeded and later escaped.

Famous Stories



The Voyages of Ulysses. Long ago in ancient Greece, there lived a blind poet named Homer. He it was who told the wonderful adventures of Ulysses during his long voyage home, after the siege of Troy.



King Arthur. The tales of this mighty king and his gallant Knights of the Round Table were first written in French. They were gathered together and translated by Sir Thomas Malory in 1470. Arthur was a British chieftain who lived in the 6th century.

BRER RABBIT

How Brer Rabbit Frightened His Neighbours By Barbara Hayes

NOW in the days when Brer Rabbit lived in the woodland the other animals there were just like people.

And just like people, the animals had their ups and downs. They had hard times and they had happy times. Sometimes the crops were good and sometimes the crops were bad.

Well, one summer it happened that Brer Rabbit had a fine crop of carrots in his garden and he said, he did, that if the carrots fetched anything like the price he expected, he would go to town and buy his family just anything that they needed.

He said this when he and Mrs. Rabbit

and their seven little rabbits were having breakfast.

Of course, Brer Rabbit had no sooner said that than Mrs. Rabbit said: "I declare it would be a shame if you didn't buy something for your children then. They need seven tin cups to drink from and seven tin plates to eat from and we need a coffee pot for the whole family to use."



"All right," said Brer Rabbit, who was in a good mood. "Then that is exactly what I'll do. I'll go into town next Wednesday and buy seven tin mugs and seven tin plates and a coffee pot for the family."

Well, the words were no sooner out of Brer Rabbit's mouth, than Mrs. Rabbit jumped up and plopped her bonnet on her head and rushed across to the house of Mrs. Mink.

And the second she was inside the door Mrs. Rabbit began to boast about the things Brer Rabbit was going to do for her.

"Next Wednesday as ever is, my Brer Rabbit is going to town to buy something for the children and a coffee pot for the whole family," said Mrs. Rabbit proudly.

So, of course, when Mr. Mink came

home that night, Mrs. Mink wanted to know how it was that *Mr. Mink* wasn't going to buy anything for *his* family, the same as *Brer Rabbit* did for *his*. Mr. and Mrs. Mink argued and argued all evening, just like real people.

Not content with telling her husband all about *Brer Rabbit's* doings, Mrs. Mink carried the news to Mrs. Fox.

So when Mr. Fox arrived home that night, he was hauled over the coals, because he did not buy his family presents, as *Brer Rabbit* did.

Then Mrs. Fox told Mrs. Wolf and Mrs. Wolf told Mrs. Bear and it wasn't long before everyone in the neighbourhood knew that *Brer Rabbit* was going to town next Wednesday to buy tin mugs and plates for his children and a coffee pot for the whole family. And then, of course, all the other children started to ask their mothers why their fathers didn't buy *them* anything.

In the end, *Brer Fox* and *Brer Wolf* and *Brer Bear* decided that they had had enough of *Brer Rabbit* and his doings.

So the creatures plotted together to waylay *Brer Rabbit* on his way back from town the following Wednesday.

Sure enough, when next Wednesday came round, *Brer Rabbit* got up for an early breakfast, took his carrots to town, sold them and then, with the money, he bought himself a nice pocket handkerchief. He bought a coffee pot to please Mrs. Rabbit and he bought his children seven tin cups and seven tin plates.

Then *Brer Rabbit* saw something strange sticking up from a gully way ahead.

"That looks mighty like *Brer Fox's* nice

bushy tail," he thought to himself. "I'd better make sure."

So *Brer Rabbit* left all his shopping and crept through the bushes towards the gully.

Sure enough, there was *Brer Fox* waiting on one side of the road, and sure enough, there was *Brer Wolf* waiting on the other side of the road, and down in the gully, sure enough, was old *Brer Bear* having a nap.

Back to his shopping went *Brer Rabbit* and he put the coffee pot upside down on his head then he threaded the handles of the tin cups on to his braces, then he took the plates, some in one hand and some in the other.

Then, when he was good and ready, he crept to the hill above the gully, took a running start and raced down the hill like a hurricane—whooosh—rickety, rickety, slambang!

Between the noise of the cups and plates rattling and the ear-piercing yells that *Brer Rabbit* let out, such a noise was made that the other creatures almost jumped out of their skins.

Brer Bear stumbled up out of his sleep and trampled all over *Brer Fox*, then he ran out into the road and tripped over *Brer Wolf*.

And all the while *Brer Rabbit* shook the plates and rattled the cups and yelled.

The other creatures didn't wait to see any more. They raced off so hard that *Brer Bear* even banged into a tree and knocked it over.

And the next day *Brer Rabbit* and his children went to the gully and they chopped up the tree for firewood to last them the rest of the winter.

There will be another *Brer Rabbit* story next week.



Little and Big, Tall and Short

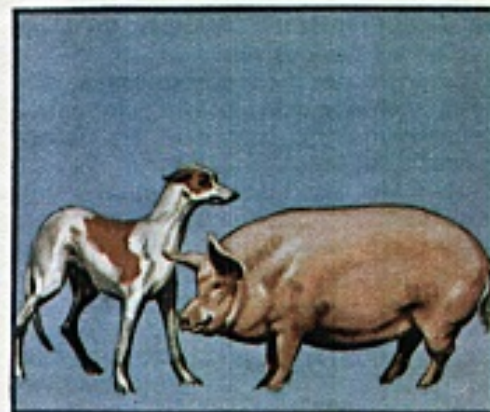
A bold knight protects a timid lady. Bold and timid, one is the opposite of the other. A bear with a rough coat stands on smooth ice. Rough and smooth, too, are opposites. There are ten other opposites here for you to remember.



Little and big



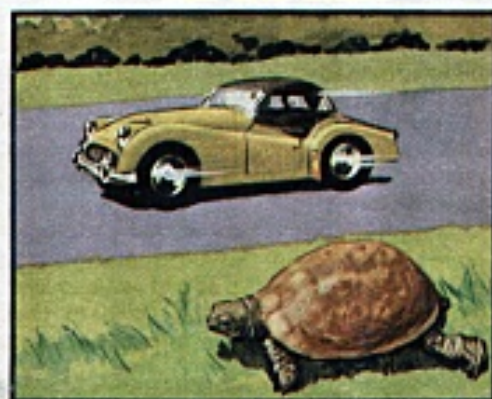
Tall and short



Lean and fat



Light and heavy



Fast and slow



On and off



Up and down



Wide and narrow



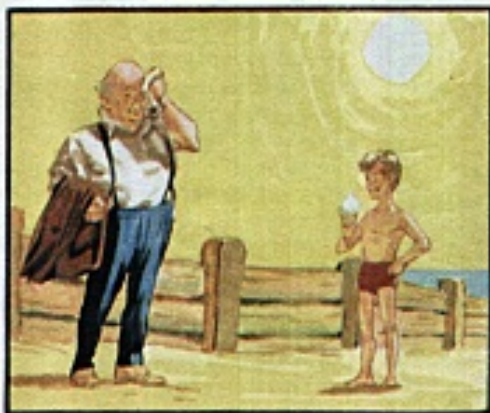
Bold and timid



Rough and smooth



Round and square



Hot and cold

Ronnie Wrong and Richard Right



Ronnie Wrong leaves his Mother to carry the heavy basket.



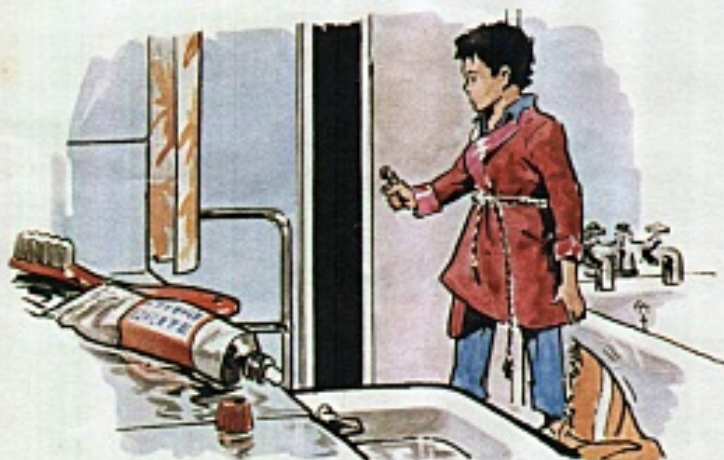
Richard Right says "Let me help you carry that heavy basket, Mummy."



Ronnie takes the biggest orange.



Richard takes the orange nearest to him.



Ronnie leaves the bathroom in a very untidy state.



Richard knows his Mummy will be pleased when she sees the tidy bathroom.



This story is a memory test. When you have read it turn to page 16. There you will find some questions about the story. Have fun trying to answer them.

Slow-Poke

ONCE upon a time there was a cowboy named Red Tom. He was called Red Tom because he always wore a red shirt.

For many years he worked hard for the Feather River Ranch. He saved his money so that one day he could buy a little ranch of his own.

When at last that great day came, he was very happy.

"Now I must buy some cattle and horses," he said. But when he had paid for the ranch, he had only enough money left over to buy himself one newborn colt.

So he went to see his old boss and bought a tiny brown colt with black mane and tail.

"Come on, young fellow," he called out to the little animal as he set off back to his own ranch.

But the colt dawdled and stopped, dawdled and stopped until at last Red Tom reined in his horse and looked back with a sigh. "Why, you're nothing but a slow-poke," he said. "It seems I've bought a lazy horse."

As the colt grew older he still seemed to be very lazy and Red Tom always called him "Slow-poke."

But Tom noticed that whenever the young horse cared to run he could run very fast indeed.

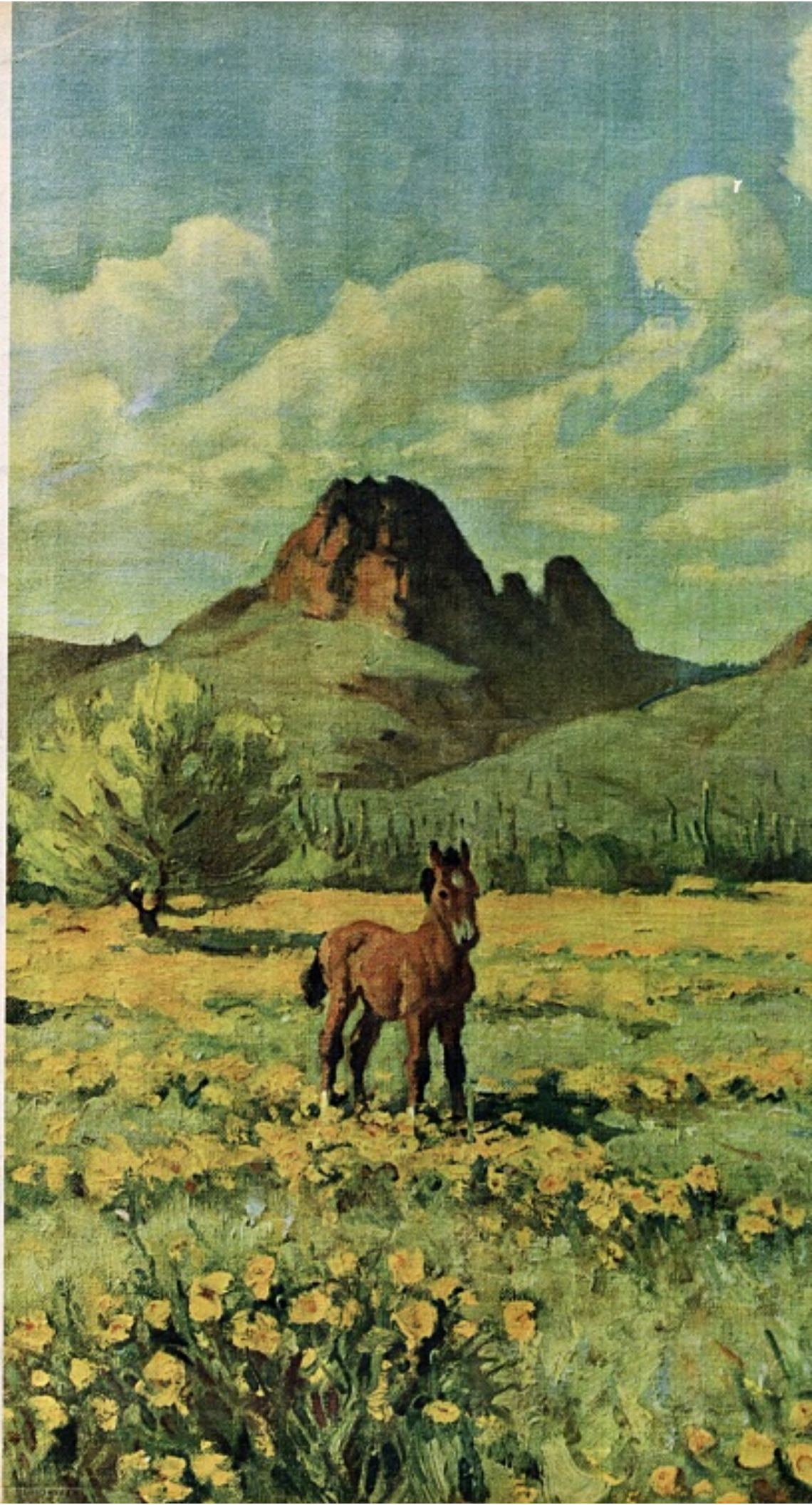
Then one day Red Tom fell on hard times and it seemed as though he would have to sell his ranch.

"There's only one way I can make some money," he said to himself. "Slow-poke can run fast sometimes. I'll enter for the big race that is being held next week. There is a big prize for the winner. Who knows? Slow-poke and I might win."

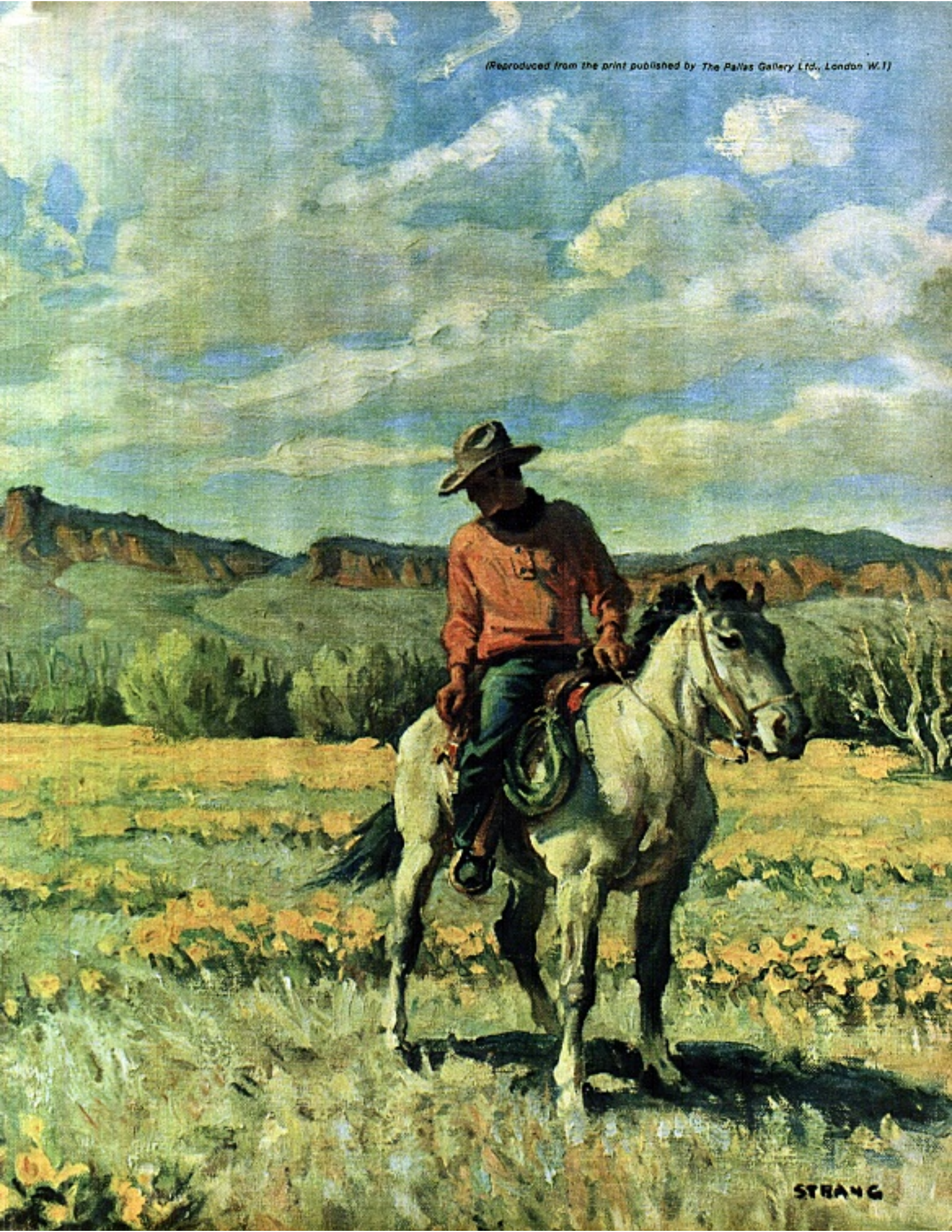
So that was what he did. Slow-poke seemed to know that if he did not win his kind master would lose his ranch, for he won the race.

"Good for you, Slow-poke," laughed Red Tom as they galloped past the winning-post. "Now all our troubles are over."

And Red Tom gave Slow-poke a new name. Do you know what it was? Lightning—because he was so fast.



(Reproduced from the print published by The Pallas Gallery Ltd., London W.1)



STRANG

Dick Whittington



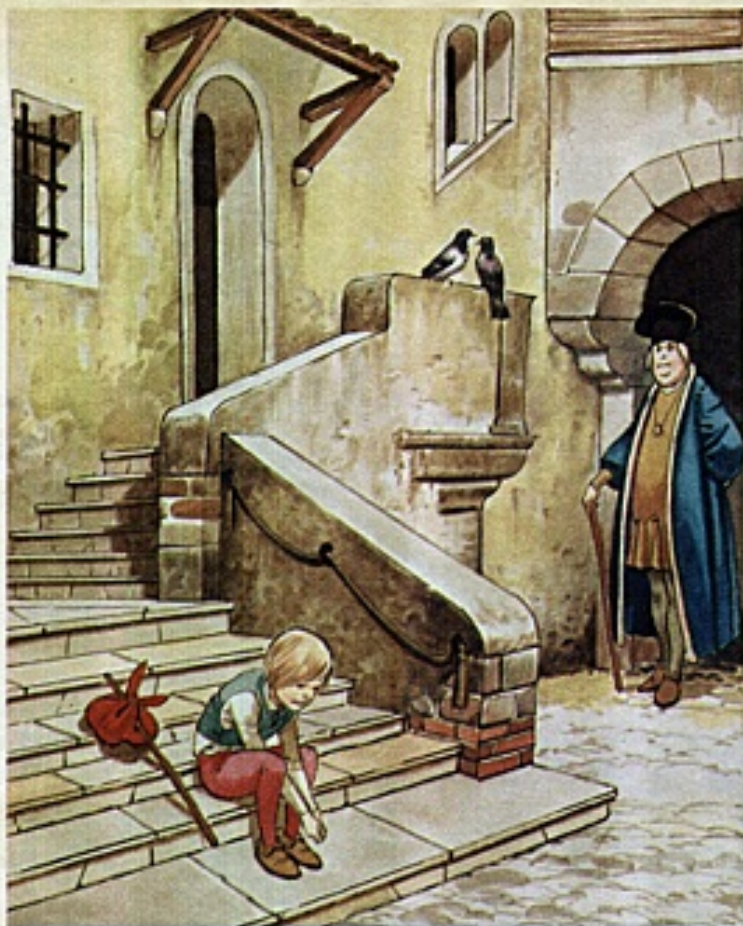
1. Hearing that the streets of London were paved with gold, young Dick Whittington had come to the big city. But there were only hurrying people.



2. SPLASH! Dick tumbled into the dirty water and rolled over, wet through and muddy. Forlornly, he looked up at several passers-by who stopped to stare and roar with laughter at him. Dick's heart sank. Everybody seemed so hard and cruel in London.



3. Picking himself up, Dick went on his way. Soon he became very hungry but he had no money. He had left home with a few pennies but had spent them all on his journey. Hungrily he watched a merchant buy a big meat pie and his mouth watered.



4. He asked the merchant if he could spare a piece of pie but he did not seem to hear and went on his way. Poor Dick! Soon he became very, very tired and he sank down on the steps of a big house.



5. He had been there a little while when along came the same merchant, for this was his house. He looked at Dick in surprise. "Hallo, my lad," said he. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" Dick started to weep.

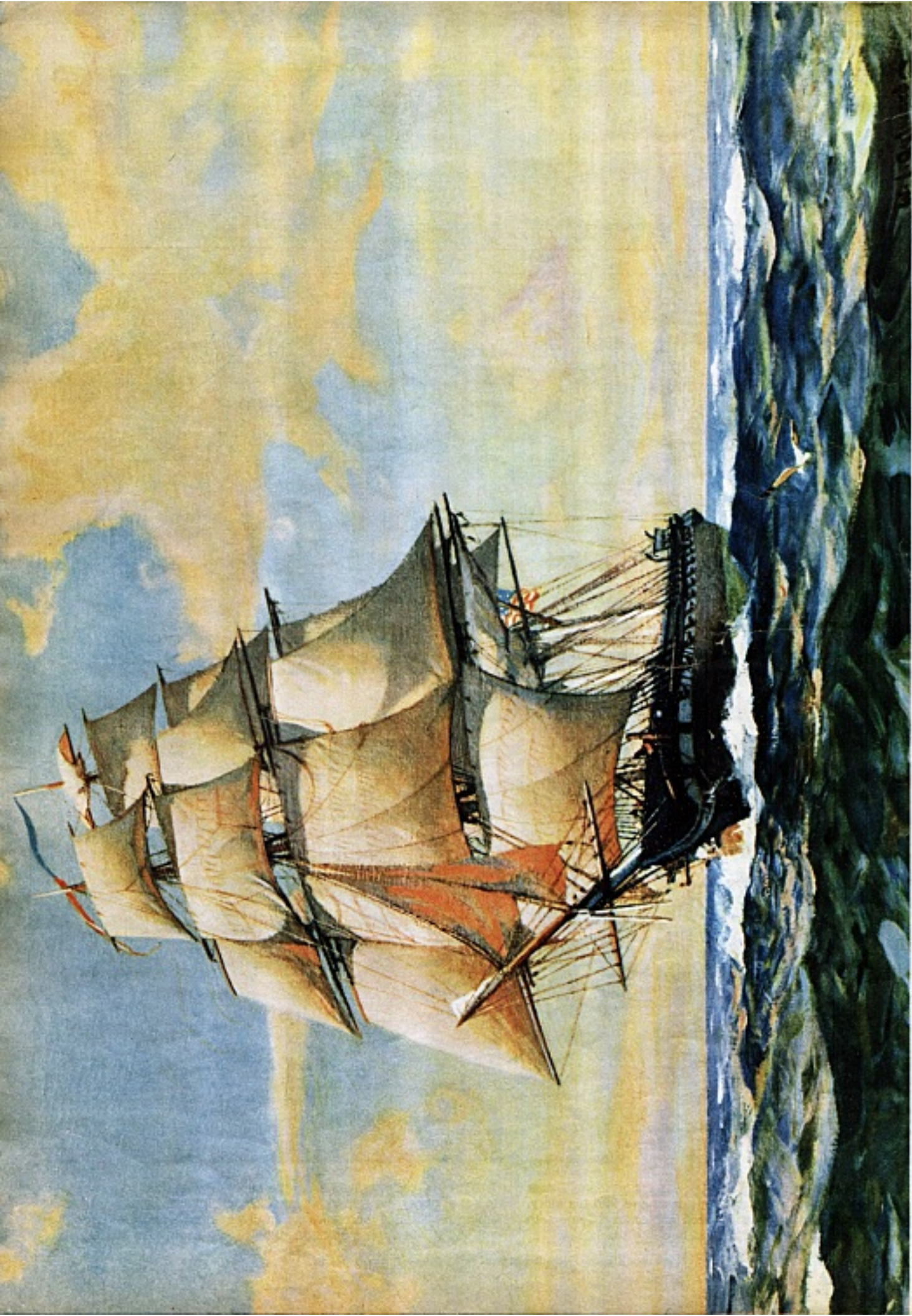


6. "There, there," said the merchant, who was a kind man. "Cheer up. Tell me about yourself." Dick dried his eyes and told his story. When he had finished, the merchant smiled and said: "Come with me." Taking Dick's cold hand, he led him into the house.



7. The merchant took Dick to the kitchen. "Get this lad something to eat at once," he said to his cook. Soon Dick was seated at a table eating his fill. But the cook was an ill-tempered woman and she did not like it when the merchant offered Dick a job as a kitchen boy.

Next week Dick finds a cat that is to prove a good friend.

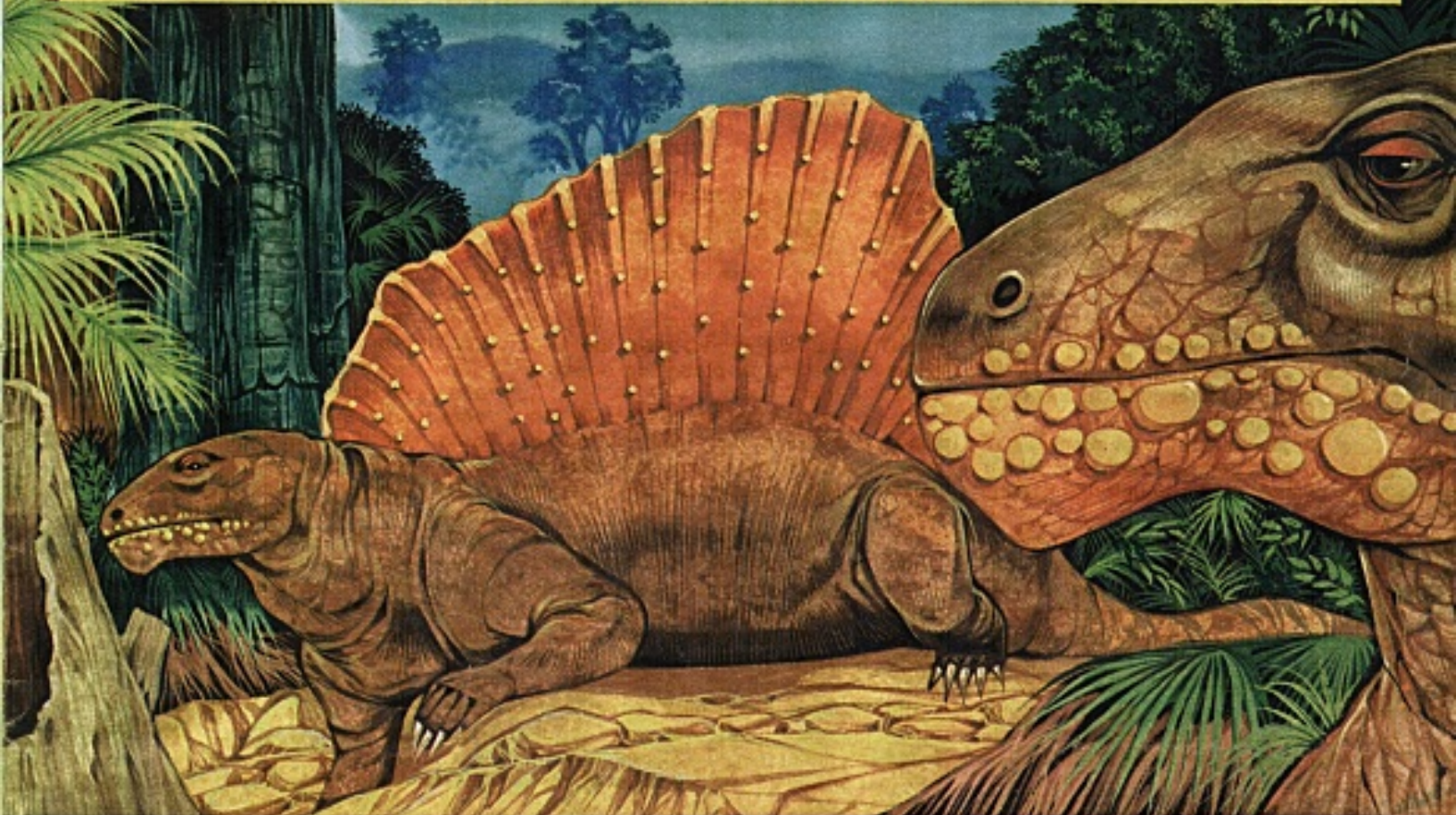


BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

This sailing ship of the United States Navy was built one hundred and seventy years ago. It was named "Constitution", which is rather a dull name for such a beautiful ship. After she had won some hard-fought battles, the men who sailed her thought up a new name. They called her "Old Ironsides". She sailed the seas for over sixty years. The picture was painted by W. J. Aylward and is reproduced by permission of the Pallas Gallery, London, W.1.

A Pre-historic Animal

Many millions of years ago, huge animals that no longer exist today roamed the earth. Now and then "ONCE UPON A TIME" will be showing you what some of these animals looked like.

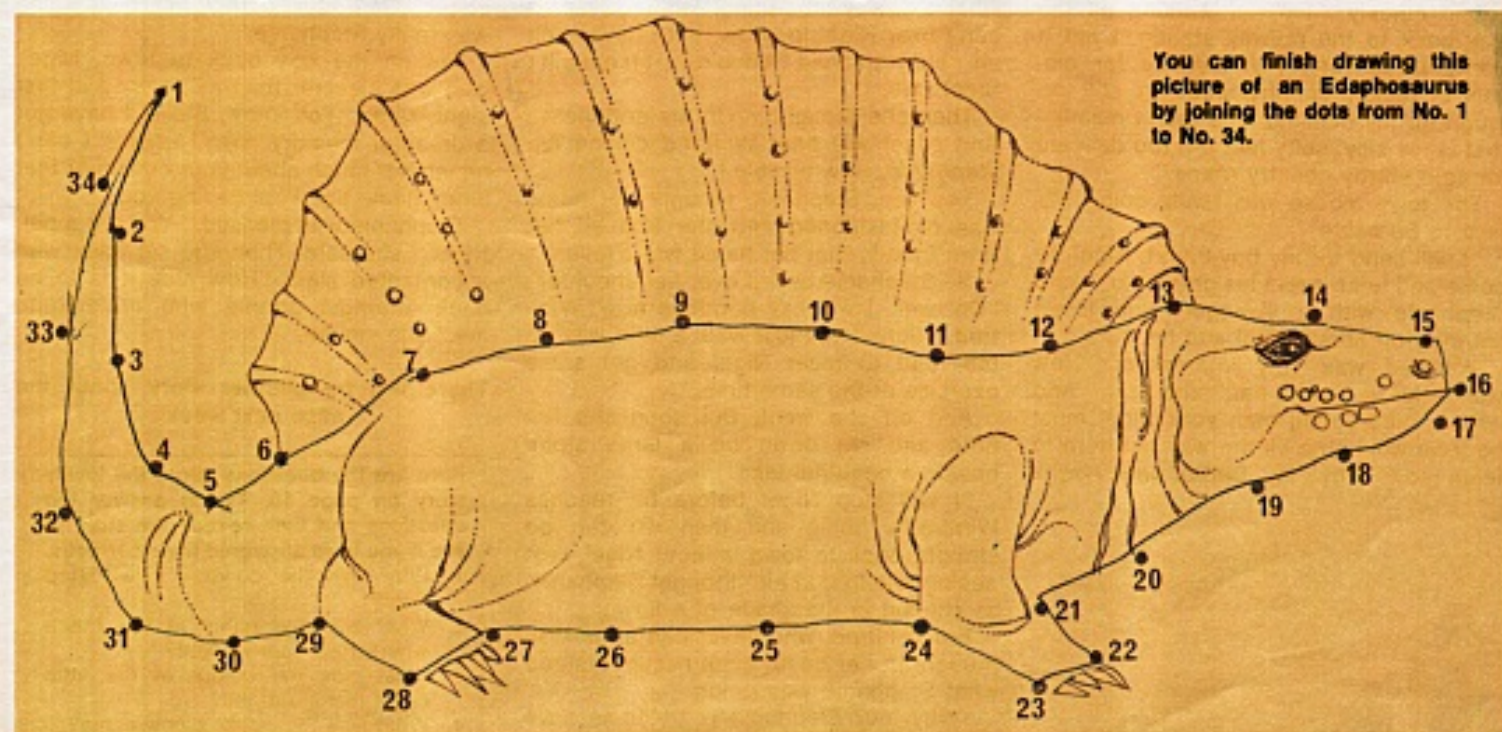


The scientists who study and tell us all about those ancient times have given long names to these strange monsters. For instance, the name of the two animals shown above is EDAPHOSAURUS. It is not very difficult to say. Say it like this: e-DAFF-o-sawrus.

This great beast lived in the hot desert lands of North America and Europe. That strange fin on its back is in fact part of its back-

bone. It is thought that perhaps the animal used the fin to cool itself when basking in the hot sun.

This monster ate plants only and was very clumsy in its movements. It looked rather like another huge beast called DIMETRODON (say it like this: die-MEET-ro-don) but the Dimetrodon was a flesh-eating animal.



You can finish drawing this picture of an Edaphosaurus by joining the dots from No. 1 to No. 34.



THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

This week, the Town Mouse goes home. By Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the country and was called Winifred and the other lived in the town and was called Stephanie.

Now Stephanie, the town mouse, had had a bad cold and had been sent by her doctor to stay in the country with Winifred, the country mouse.

But Stephanie didn't like the country a bit. She thought it was dull and old-fashioned, and in the end she cut her holiday short and decided to go back to town just as soon as she could manage it.

"Having me here is too much work for you, Winifred," she said, "so I am going back to town. My cold is better anyway."

Winifred, who was a sweet-natured little mouse, smiled:

"How thoughtful you are, our Stephanie," she said. "Yes, to tell the truth, I am feeling rather tired, so if you are sure you are feeling better, I will ask my boy-friend, Bertie, to take your suitcase to the railway station for you."

"No, thank you very much," Stephanie cut in quickly. "I'm not walking all the way back to the railway station. Even if Bertie does carry my suitcase for me, your beaten-up country roads are still too tough for my delicate little feet. I mean—that is my silly, softy feet are too delicate for your sturdy country roads."

The town mouse was really doing her best to be polite.

"I will send for my boy-friend, Nigel, to come and fetch me in his grand car," said Stephanie with a swagger. She loved showing off about Nigel and his car.

Winifred was very impressed. "How wonderful to have a car," she said. "And what a nice young man your Nigel must be if he will come all the way out here to fetch you. Why, my Bertie only has a

bicycle. He can only come to see me when he can be spared from the farm between weeding or ploughing or something like that."

Stephanie was just about to smile in a superior way and say, "Well, we all get what we deserve, don't we?" but then she looked at kind, patient little Winifred and said:

"Oh, Winifred. Why don't you learn to stand up for yourself? My boy-friends only run round after me, because I dress grandly and act grandly and behave as if I should be treated grandly. But you are always so sweet and forgiving that people will always walk all over you."

But Winifred just smiled sweetly and Stephanie knew that it was really no use trying to change her. So Stephanie wrote to Nigel arranging when he was to come and fetch her.

On the day Nigel was due to come, Stephanie put on some grand clothes, packed her bag and waited by the front gate of Winifred's house. But then a dreadful thought struck her. If Nigel came right to Winifred's home, he would see what a dowdy little thing Winifred was. "I can't bear Nigel to know that I have such an old-fashioned cousin," thought Stephanie.

Then she thought: "Oh my goodness! And Nigel will hear Winifred calling me Stephanie. How terrible!"

You see, Stephanie thought her name was old-fashioned and she told all her town friends that her name was Steve.

So Stephanie called over her shoulder: "Oh, well, I will say goodbye now, Winifred. I think I will just walk a little way up the road to meet Nigel and get some exercise at the same time."

And off she went. But soon she felt tired and sat down on a large stone beside a beautiful lake.

"I will stop Nigel before he reaches Winifred's home and then we can go straight back to town without Nigel ever seeing Winifred at all," thought Stephanie, as she sat in the shade of a flower.

But Winifred, who never had an unkind thought in her head, quite misunderstood what Stephanie was doing.

"Why, our Stephanie is trying to save me trouble again," thought Winifred. "She

knows that if Nigel comes here I shall ask him to stay for tea, of course, and Stephanie is going to meet Nigel to save me the trouble of getting tea for them both before they go back to town. But I can't have that. Why I'm a poor sort if I can't get tea for my cousin's boy-friend."

So Winifred and her boy-friend, Bertie, crept along the fields behind Stephanie and, while she was still seated beside the lake, came out on to the road a little nearer town. Then when Nigel drove up in his fine car Winifred and Bertie saw him first and invited him to tea, before Stephanie could stop them.

How amazed Stephanie was when she saw them all coming up the road towards her. In fact she was more than amazed. She was furious.

"Hallo, old thing," called Nigel cheerily. Then he saw Stephanie's scowl. "I mean—er—hallo young thing," he added. He knew Stephanie never liked being called old. "Your jolly little cousin here has invited me to tea. How splendid!"

So Stephanie had to go back to tea and make the best of Nigel finding out all about Winifred and that her own name was really Stephanie.

But on the way back to town, Nigel, who was cleverer than he seemed at first sight, said: "You know, Steve, I have got a dreadful memory. Why, already I can't remember much about your cousin or that funny name she kept calling you."

Stephanie was pleased. "You are a pet, Nigel," she said. Then she sat back with a contented sigh. "How nice it is to be back amongst people who understand me," she smiled.

There will be another story about the mice next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 10. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. Why was the cowboy called Red Tom?
2. What was the name of the ranch where Red Tom worked?
3. What was the colour of the little colt's mane and tail?
4. What was Slow-poke's new name?





Barty Batt

1. Once upon a time there was a boy named Barty Batt who wanted to be a sea-captain. So he saved up his pennies and one day he had enough money to buy a sailing boat. Two sailors heard about Barty Batt and his boat and signed on as his crew.



2. Barty spent the last of his money on food. He and his two sailors carried it aboard his little boat. Then they set sail to search for any treasure that might be lying around looking for an owner. But after two weeks they had found no treasure and they had eaten all their food and drunk all their water.



3. Poor little Barty Batt was beginning to wish that he had spent his money on toffee-apples instead of a boat. "Then I'd have something to eat," he sighed. Meanwhile, his sailors were plotting to take over Barty's sailing boat.





4. "We're not going to work for you any longer," said the sailors. "This is our boat now and you can work for us." Now Bartley was not very brave because he was such a little boy, and falling on his knees he wept into his handkerchief. "Please don't take my boat away from me," he cried, but the sailors said: "Climb on top of the mast and stay there until we say you can come down."

5. Bartley had to do as he was told. He clung to the top of the mast for several hours—and it was very cold up there. Then suddenly he saw North and South America and some ships of the British Navy.



6. Now Bartley, like a good sailor, had learned how to signal with his arms. So he made this signal to the British ships: "My boat has been stolen from me by my crew." When the British Admiral saw Bartley's signal he sent his sailors to board Bartley's boat and hand its command over to him again. Bartley was pleased!

7. He was even more pleased when the Admiral made him a Captain of the British Navy. All of which goes to show that it is better to be lucky than brave.





Leonardo da Vinci, who lived five hundred years ago, is famous for his wonderful painting called "The Mona Lisa." But he was also one of the cleverest men who ever lived. He invented many things, such as the parachute.



The Blue Grotto is a cavern on the island of Capri, off the coast of Italy, which can only be entered from the sea. The inside of the cavern is made enchanting by the soft light which is reflected on the rocky walls through the sea water.

Here every
week you will be able to
read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world



The glow from some types of tropical Fire-fly beetles is so strong that natives sometimes use caged Fire-flies as lanterns.



More than two hundred years ago bad-tempered men and women were often punished in a ducking stool.



The largest kind of dog is the St. Bernard. These strong but gentle dogs were once used by the Swiss to help find travellers lost or injured on the snowy mountains.